

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

or both, to insult her with an argument in favor of slavery. When the time for the last interview arrived, even that must be bridged, for fear of a rescue. And then, in order to exhaust all brutality, outrage all civility, and show themselves destitute of all appreciation of the most tender and sacred hours of two heroic lives, a set of gaping and brutal officials must be present at that last tender meeting and parting. One's indignation overmasters his nerves at such an exhibition of cowardly and brutal curiosity. We wonder that Capt. Avis, who has shown himself a gentleman all through these tragic scenes, did not clear the cell. We presume he did not lack the will, but the power.

Yes, John Brown has gone, and when shall we look upon his like again? We cannot mourn or his account, for his cup of earthly glory was full, and he died as the Christian and the hero die. But we do mourn at his loss, and the loss of the race. The cause of the poor slave has lost its noblest champion. His bodily presence inspired the wavering, and gave faith and courage to the fearful. May his spirit still be permitted to watch over and inspire the less heroic soldiers of this war for freedom, until the ushering in of that not distant day of universal emancipation!

CHARLESTOWN, Dec. 15.—At 8 o'clock this evening two of the condemned prisoners, Cook and Coppie, escaped from the jail and were fired upon by the sentinels and driven back to prison. They are now in the custody of Sheriff Campbell. They had mounted the jail wall when discovered. They had sawed their manacles asunder with the blades of a Barlow knife, which they had concealed and made into a fine saw. It is ascertained from their confession that they have been engaged in preparing for escape during the last ten days. They made a hole in the wall near the window which they concealed with paper, hiding the bricks they removed under the bed. On the alarm being given they made no resistance, but surrendered. This event has produced the utmost excitement, and all are on the alert.

The sentinel stationed near the jail, reported, that at a quarter past 8 o'clock, he observed a man on the jail wall, whom he challenged, and receiving no answer, fired at him; the head of another man was seen above the wall, but he retreated as soon as the first one had been fired at. The man on the wall seemed at first, determined to persist, and was about making an attempt to jump down, when the sentinel declared his intention of impaling him on his bayonet; he then retreated into the jail yard with Coppie, and both gave themselves up without further resistance. Cook afterwards remarked, that if he could have got over and throttled the guard, he would have made his escape. The Shenandoah mountains are within ten minutes run of the jail wall, and had he reached them, with his thorough knowledge of the mountains, his arrest would have been difficult, especially as but few of the military could have followed him during the night. They had succeeded after two weeks labor, whenever alone, and at night, when their bed clothing muffled the sounds of a saw, which they had made out of an old Barlow knife, in cutting through their iron shackles so that they could put them off at any moment they should have their work completed.

They had also made a sort of a chisel out of an old bed screw, with which they succeeded, as opportunity would offer in removing the plaster from the wall, and then, with their iron tools, until a space sufficient for them to pass through was opened, all except the removal of the outer brick. The part of the wall on which they operated was in the rear of the beds on which they slept, and the bed being pushed against the wall completely hid their work from view. The bricks they took out were concealed in the drum of a stove and the dirt and plaster were placed between the bed clothing. They acknowledged they had been at work a whole week making the aperture. This effort being on the first floor, their access to the yard was quite easy; here, however, was a smooth brick wall, about 15 feet high to scale, which difficulty was soon overcome with the aid of the timbers of the scaffold on which Capt. Brown was hanged, and intended for their execution on the next day.

They placed these against the wall and soon succeeded in reaching the top, from which they could have easily dropped to the other side had not the vigilance of the sentinel on duty so quickly checked their movements. They were arrested in the jail yard by Gen. Talliferro and an officer of the day, who rushed to the jail at the moment the alarm was given. Sheriff Campbell and Capt. Avis are, of course, chagrined at this narrow escape of their prisoners, especially as they had resisted all interference of the military within the interior of the jail. The prisoners were shrewd and cunning fellows, and they were undoubtedly without any accomplices in their undertaking.

The friends who were still here, were also fearful that they might be suspected of having a knowledge of the attempt. The general impression is that if the prisoners had waited until midnight or later, they might have reached the mountains, but it is presumed they were fearful of being watched during the night or desired to have as much of darkness as possible to gain a good distance before daylight would allow of a general pursuit.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Dec. 16.—The negroes, Green and Copeland, have just paid the forfeit of their lives. The crowd in the town is very great, and the execution was witnessed by sixteen hundred persons.

At nine o'clock this morning, the field was occupied by the troops, and at seven minutes of eleven the procession made its appearance. It arrived at 11 o'clock at the scaffold. The prisoners were in a wagon, accompanied by the sheriff and jailer. They mounted the scaffold with a firm step. The prisoners had the caps placed over their heads by the sheriff, and after an appropriate prayer by Rev. Mr. North, of the Presbyterian Church, they were launched into eternity. Before the caps were put on, Green was heard to cry up a fervent prayer. Copeland was not heard to pray. Green's neck was broken and he died without a struggle. Copeland writhed in violent contortions for several minutes. The prisoners looked forward while on the scaffold to the ministers, Messrs. Baugh, North and Park, expressing a hope to meet them in heaven. The drop fell at eleven minutes past eleven o'clock. The bodies will be placed in the jail for burial to-morrow.

On the receipt of the news of the attempted escape of Cook and Coppie, Gov. Wise telegraphed to Gen. Talliferro to take possession of the jail, which was accordingly done at once.

We have had an exciting time during the past 24 hours, which has just closed with the execution of the four prisoners. Throughout the day, yesterday, there was a great influx of strangers, and citizens of the county, who were flocking in to witness the last act of the Harper's Ferry tragedy. The latter came thus early, apprehending that they

might be detained at the outposts, as was the case on the day of Brown's execution. The vigilance exercised at the railroad depot on the arrival of a train, was not as stringent as on the occasion of the execution of Brown, and but little difficulty was experienced in getting into town.

The prisoners were visited yesterday by the Rev. Messrs. Nassau, Dutton and North, of the Presbyterian church, and the Rev. B. Waugh, of the Methodist Episcopal church. The services in the cells were of an interesting and solemn character, and were participated in by all the condemned, though it is now evident, from subsequent events, that Cook and Coppie, at least, were playing possum, as their minds must have been fixed on hopes of life and liberty, rather than death and eternity, at the time they were making outward protestations of resignation. They all gave an unqualified assent to the conviction of religious truth, and each expressed a hope of salvation in the world to come.

Cook has been visited throughout his imprisonment by the Rev. Green North, at the request of the prisoner, as also of Gov. Wise and Willard. The Rev. Mr. North was present at an interview between Coppie and Mr. Butler, a Quaker gentleman from Ohio, who raised the prisoner. He describes the interview as an affecting one, and speaks highly of Mr. Butler's Christian deportment and advice to the prisoners. Mr. Butler says that Coppie was a trusting but very willful boy. An uncle of Coppie of the same name, from Ohio, his father's brother, also visited him yesterday, the interview lasting for over an hour; he seemed in much distress at the sad fate which awaits his relative.

This was the condition of affairs up to 7 o'clock last evening. All apprehensions of an intended rescue had long since been banished; so firmly had the conviction settled in the public mind, that military duty was voted a bore, and the finale of the tragedy was regarded as at last approached. At 8 o'clock last evening the whole town was thrown into commotion by the report of a rifle under the jail wall, followed by several other shots from the vicinity of the guard house in close proximity to the jail. The militiamen were called to arms and the excitement was intense beyond anything that has yet occurred during our memorable era of military occupation. In a few minutes the streets and avenues of the town were in possession of armed men, and it was with some difficulty that the cause of the turmoil was ascertained. Rumors of every description were afloat, and it was at one time thought that the prisoners had overpowered their guards and made their escape; and then that an attack had been made on the jail, by parties attempting to rescue the prisoners.

The bodies of the negroes, after being cut down, were placed in paper coffins and carried back to the jail; they will be interred to-morrow on the spot where the gallows stands, though there is a party of medical students here from Manchester, who will doubtless not allow them to remain there long.

Execution of Cook and Coppie.—The bodies of the two negro prisoners having been brought back to the jail at about a quarter to 12 o'clock, notice was given to Cook and Coppie that their time was approaching, only one hour more being allowed them, the military movements similar to those at the first execution were repeated, and a wagon with two more coffins was standing at the door of the jail. At half past 12 o'clock the same military escort was in readiness. Meantime the closing religious ceremonies were progressing in the cell. Since the failure of the attempt of Cook and Coppie to escape last night, their assumed composure and apparent resignation had given way, and they now looked at the reality of their fate with the full conviction of its awful certainty. They were reserved and rather quiet, but joined with fervor in the religious ceremonies conducted by the Rev. Messrs. North, Lohr and Waugh. When called upon by the Sheriff, they stood calm, and after bidding farewell to the guards of the jail, were helped into the wagon and took seats on their coffins.

Their appearance was rather that of helpless despair than of resignation, and they seemed to take but little notice of anything as the procession slowly moved on to the field of death. The wagon reached the scaffold at thirteen minutes before one o'clock, and the prisoners ascended with a determined firmness, scarcely surpassed by that of Capt. Brown. A brief prayer was offered up by one of the clergymen, the ropes were adjusted, the caps drawn over their heads, and both were launched into eternity in seven minutes after they ascended the gallows. They both exhibited the most unflinching firmness, saying nothing, with the exception of bidding farewell to the ministers and sheriff. After the rope was adjusted about Cook's neck he exclaimed, "be as quick as possible," which was repeated by Coppie. After hanging about thirty minutes both bodies were taken down and placed in black walnut coffins, prepared for them. That of Cook was then placed in a poplar box, labelled and directed as follows:—"Ashtabell P. Willard, and Robert Crowley, 184 William street, New York." The coffin of Coppie was placed in a similar box, to be forwarded to his mother in Iowa.

From the New York Evening Post.

THE EXECUTION AND ITS EFFECTS.

The manner in which popular feeling has manifested itself at the North with regard to Brown's execution proves the wisdom of his own remark when he said he could in no way so well serve the cause he had at heart as by hanging for it. We do not so much allude to the outward manifestations of respect for his name and memory,—the devotion of the hour of his death to prayer in a great number of churches, the tolling of bells in many towns, the firing of minute-guns in others,—though these have in themselves a marked significance—as to the pity which every one whose pity is worth having has openly expressed for the old man's fate, the sympathy which almost every one seemed glad to show for his simple and manly virtues, and the silence with which, for the sake of those virtues, the faults and follies of a wild and wayward life have been covered almost by the whole community.

The death of a criminal on the gallows of whom half the nation speaks tenderly, and whose last hours the prayers and fastings of many thousands of sincere religious men have sought to bellow, is certainly not an incident to be dismissed with newspaper paragraphs. It is an event in our national history which warrants every thoughtful man amongst us in pondering over it deeply. Except those whose property he sought to damage—of whose power and privilege he avowed himself the mortal enemy—there is, we venture to assert, hardly a man outside the circle of professional politicians and southern traders who accuses Brown of more than legal guilt, or claims for Virginia in her dealings with him more than legal advantage. Her warmest apologists do not venture to

invoke on her behalf against her enemy any higher law than the law of self-protection, any stronger right than the right of self-defence. Thomas Corwin, even, in defending her the other night against the "misguided" Wendell Phillips, did not go behind the "necessity of the case" in order to justify her and condemn Brown. All the conservative and pro-slavery newspapers which have defended the rigor of her justice, and heaped reproaches on the head of the fanatic who assailed her, have invariably relied on her legality and illegality for the support of their whole argument.

But neither Brown nor his friends have ever taken issue upon one of these points. That Brown's attempt was illegal, and that Virginia, if she meant to preserve her existence as a body politic, was not only justified in inflicting violence, but bound to inflict it, his warmest friends have not ventured to deny. Upon this side of his case any lawyer's clerk could overwhelm him and his sympathizers. There was no deception about the matter. Brown knew upon what terms half a dozen malcontents might challenge a state to the field. He knew that if, as Corwin says, society did not meet rebellious minorities, rope in hand, society would soon cease to be possible. He ran the risk, and we know from his conduct that he was prepared to pay the forfeiture. But as he prophesied before his death, rebel, traitor, convict, though he be in the eye of the Virginia law, there is a court of last resort, a higher one than the Virginia Court of Appeals, to which he managed to carry his case before he died, and in that he has triumphed. It is mere sophistry to assert that when a criminal court has pronounced its sentence, and its justice has been done on the culprit, that the atonement is complete and that society has vindicated itself.

It is an axiom in jurisprudence that the action of a court of law and of the executioner is but half the process by which crime is repressed and order maintained. The other half is to be found in the sympathies and feelings of the public. If these be on the side of the law, the criminal is indeed condemned; if they be against the law, his blood has been spilt not only in vain, but to the detriment of society. Take away popular approbation from the hangman, and he becomes a bird assassin. In this court of last resort the worst thing that has been said of Brown is, that he was foolhardy. He has been dismissed from the bar, with his judgment indeed impeached, but with no weightier condemnation of his acts than that they were marked by folly. In war all is folly which does not succeed; the rule is harsh, perhaps, but necessary. Napoleon said Leonidas was no doubt a very fine fellow, but "let himself be turned at Thermopylae." Virginia, to be sure, thinks Brown more of a knave than fool, but in this matter the Virginians bear much the same relation to him, in the eyes of the world at large, that Francis Joseph bears to Kosuth. A large part of the civilized public will, as a large part of the world does already, lay on his tomb the honors of martyrdom, and while those honors remain there, his memory will be more terrible to slaveholders than his living presence could ever have been, because it will bring recruits to his cause who would never have served under his banner while he was wielding carnal weapons.

If all these be facts, they are no doubt unpleasant facts for every one who has the future welfare of this country at heart to contemplate. But (and this is certainly not a reason for trying to hide them) the fact that a thing which in Virginia is deemed worthy of a shameful death, is in New England deemed worthy of Christian benediction is not a fact to be avoided, but to be met and provided for. Two people whose standards of morality are so widely different need to look well to the bonds which unite them, and look well, too, to the fangs which threaten to sever them. But we should have already fallen upon worse days than God, we would have believed, has in store for us, if loyalty to our common country had called for us, if loyalty to honest convictions, for courage, for truth, for adherence to honest convictions, for faithfulness unto death in the cause of those whose gratitude or applause can bring neither fame nor honor. We have been long training ourselves to stand in the slave-owners' place, to contemplate his dangers, and sympathize with his difficulties. But we should despair of the country if we thought a regard for its welfare required us to heap execrations on the first man's head who has put himself in the place of the slave, and sought to realize his trials and privations, the sorrows he has to undergo, and the obstacles he has to encounter. It is, therefore, we think, a sign, not of national decline, but of growth in all the real elements of national greatness, that surviving hundreds of thousands should have been found to overlook this man's errors in admiration for his heroism, for his fortitude, and for his hatred of oppression. It is to such qualities as these, and not to a holy horror of mere disorder, that we owe our existence as a nation, and when the day comes in which no man will be found in America to cry bravo! when he sees them, our final extinction will not be very far distant.

LETTER FROM JOHN A. COPELAND TO HIS BROTHER.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Dec. 10, 1850.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—

I now take my pen to write you a few lines to let you know how I am, and in answer to your kind letter of the 5th instant. Dear brother, I am, it is true, so situated at present, as scarcely to know how to commence writing; not that my mind is filled with fear or that it has become shattered in view of my near approach to death. Not that I am terrified by the gallows which I see staring me in the face, and upon which I am so soon to stand and suffer death for doing what Washington, the so-called father of this great but slavery-cursed country, was made a hero for doing, while he lived, and when dead his name was immortalized, and his great and noble deeds in behalf of freedom taught by parents to their children. And now, brother, for having lent my aid to a General no less brave, and engaged in a cause no less honorable and glorious, I am to suffer death. Washington entered the field to fight for the freedom of the American people—not for the white man alone, but for both black and white. Nor were they white men alone who fought for the freedom of this country. The blood of black men flowed as freely as that of white men. Yes, the very first blood that was spilt was that of a negro. It was the blood of that heroic man, (though I was not there,) Crispus Attuck. And some of the very last blood shed was that of black men. To the truth of this history, though prejudiced, is compelled to attest. It is true that black men did an equal share of the fighting for American Independence, and they were assured by the whites that they should share equal benefits for so doing. But after having performed their part honorably, they were by the whites most treacherously deceived,—they refusing to fulfill their part of the contract. But this you know as well as I do, and I will therefore say no more in reference to the

claims which we, as colored men, have on the American people.

It was a sense of the wrongs which we have suffered that prompted the noble but unfortunate Captain Brown, and his associates, to attempt to give freedom to a small number, at least, of those who are now held by cruel and unjust laws, and by no less cruel and unjust men. To this freedom they were entitled by every known principle of justice and humanity, and for the enjoyment of it God created them. And now, dear brother, could I die in a more noble cause? Could I, brother, die in a manner and for a cause which would induce true and honest men more to honor me, and the angels more readily to receive me to their happy home of everlasting joy above? I imagine that I hear you and all of you, mother, father, sisters and brothers, say—"No, there is not a cause for which we, with less sorrow, could see you die." Believe me when I tell you, that though shut up in prison and under sentence of death, that I have spent some very happy hours here. And were it not that I know that the hearts of those to whom I am attached by the nearest and most endearing ties of blood relationship—yes, by the closest and strongest ties that God has instituted—will be filled with sorrow, I would almost as lief die now as at any time, for I feel that I am now prepared to meet my Maker.

Dear brother, I want you, and all of you, to meet me in Heaven. Prepare your souls for death. Be ready to meet your God at any moment, and then, though we meet no more on earth, we shall meet in Heaven, where parting is no more. Dear William and Fred, be good boys—mind your mother and father—love and honor them—grow up to be good men, and fear the Lord thy God. Now, I want you, dear brothers, to take this advice and follow it; remember, it comes from your own brother, and is written under most peculiar circumstances. Remember it is my dying advice to you, and I hope you will, from the love you have for me, receive it.

You may think I have been treated very harshly since I have been here, but it is not so. I have been treated exceedingly well—far better than I expected to be. My jailor is a most kind-hearted man, and has done all he could consistent with duty to make me and the rest of the prisoners comfortable. Capt. John Avis is a gentleman who has a heart in his bosom as brave as any other. He met us at the Ferry and fought us as a brave man would do. But since we have been in his power he has protected us from insult and abuse which would have heaped upon us. He has done as a brave man and a gentleman only would do. Also one of his aids, Mr. John Sheats, has been very kind to us, and has done all he could to serve us. And now, Henry, if fortune should ever throw either of them in your way and you can confer the least favor on them, do it for my sake. Give my love to all my friends. And now my dear brothers, one and all, I pray God we may meet in Heaven.

Good bye. I am now and shall remain, your affectionate brother,

JOHN A. COPELAND.

SPEECH OF WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

[At the Boston Commemoration Meeting, Wm. Lloyd Garrison was one of the speakers. The following is the concluding portion of his remarks.]

The rest of the world, whether resistance to tyrannical obedience to God, has been rendered in the affirmative in every age and clime. Whether the weapons used in the struggle against despotism have been spiritual or carnal, that verdict has been this:—

"Glory to those who die in Freedom's cause! Courts, judges, can inflict no brand of shame, Or shape of death, to shroud them from applause! No, mangled of the martyr's earthly frame, Your hangmen fingers cannot touch his fame! Long trains of ill may pass, unheeded, dumb—But Vengeance is behind, and Justice is to come!"

(Loud applause.)

We have been warmly sympathizing with John Brown all the way through, from the time of his arrest till now. Now he no longer needs our sympathy, for he is beyond suffering, and wears the victor's crown. Are we to grow morbid over his death, to indulge in sentimental speech, to content ourselves with an outburst of emotional feeling, and not to come up to the work of abolishing slavery? I confess, I am somewhat apprehensive in regard to this powerful and wide-spread excitement, lest there may follow an exhaustion of the system, a disastrous reaction, in consequence of neglecting to make it directly subversive to the cause of emancipation by earnest and self-sacrificing effort. I see in every slave on the Southern plantation a living John Brown—one to be sympathized with far more than ever John Brown needed sympathy, whether in the jail or on the scaffold at Charlestown. I see four millions of living John Browns needing our thoughts, our sympathies, our prayers, our noblest exertions to strike off their fetters. And by God's help, will we not do it? What can we do? I do not know that we can do anything for Virginia. She seems past all salvation—she has been given over to believe a lie that she may be damned. But here we stand, with our feet upon the old Pilgrim ground; and I ask the sons of the Fathers, are we not competent to make the old Bay State free to all who tread its soil? (Enthusiastic applause.) Are we to have another Anthony Burns rendition? ('No!') Shall we allow any more slave-hunting from Berkshire to Barnstable? ('No!') How, then, will you present it? You must make that decree a matter of record, through your representatives in the State House; and if you want to do an effective work to-morrow, and to consummate John Brown's object as far as you can, see to it that you put your names to the petition to the Legislature, now in circulation, asking that body to declare that, henceforth, no human being shall be regarded, tried or treated as a slave within the limits of this Commonwealth. (Immense applause.) But that is 'treason' (laughter), and John Brown was a 'traitor.' The Boston Post and the Boston Courier are very anxious to discover who were the instigators of the Harper's Ferry rebellion. Most disinterested and patriotic journals! When you read any of their editorials on this subject, just look at the bottom and see in staring capitals—"SOLD TO THE DEVIL, AND PAID FOR!" (Laughter and applause.)

Who instigated John Brown? Let us see. It must have been Patrick Henry, who said—and he was a Virginian—"Give me liberty, or give me death!" Why do they not dig up his bones, and give them to the consuming fire, to show their abhorrence of his memory? It must have been Thomas Jefferson—another Virginian—who said of the bondage of the Virginia slaves, that 'one hour of it is fraught with more misery than ages of that which our fathers rose in rebellion to oppose'—and who, as the author of the Declaration of Independence, proclaimed it to be 'a self-evident truth, that all men are created equal, and

endowed by their Creator with an inalienable right to liberty.' (Applause.) Beyond all question, it must have been VIRGINIA HERSELF, who, by her coat of arms, with its terrible motto, "Sic semper tyrannis," asserts the right of the oppressed to trample their oppressors beneath their feet, and, if necessary, consign them to a bloody grave! Herein John Brown found the strongest incitement and the fullest justification.

Who instigated the deed at Harper's Ferry?—The people whose motto is, 'Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God'—and whose exulting talk is of Bunker Hill and Yorktown, and the deeds of their revolutionary sires! Nay, we must go back to the source of life itself—"So God created man in his own image; male and female created he them." Thus making an 'irrepressible conflict' between the soul of man and tyranny from the beginning, and confirming what Lord Brougham so eloquently uttered years ago—"Tell me not of rights; talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves. I deny the right; I acknowledge not the property. The principles, the feelings of our nature rise in rebellion against it. Be the appeal made to the understanding or to the heart, the sentence is the same that rejects it. In vain you tell me of laws that sanction such a claim. There is a law above all the enactments of human codes—the same throughout the world, the same in all time—it is the law written by the finger of God upon the heart of man; and by that law unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they will reject with indignation the wild and guilty phantasy that man can hold property in man." (Loud applause.)

We have a natural right, therefore, to seek the abolition of slavery throughout the globe. It is our special duty to make Massachusetts free soil, so that the moment the fugitive slave stands upon it, he shall take his place in the ranks of the free. God commands us to 'hide the outcast, and bewray not him that wandereth.' I say, let the will of God be done! That is 'the head and front' of my 'fanaticism.' That is the extent of my 'infidelity.' That comprehends all of my 'treason!' THE WILL OF GOD BE DONE! (Great applause.)

God forbid that we should any longer continue the accomplices of thieves and robbers, of men-stealers and women-whippers! We must join together in the name of freedom. As for the Union—where is it, and what is it? In one half of it, no man can exercise freedom of speech or of the press—no man can utter the words of Washington, of Jefferson, or of Patrick Henry—except at the peril of his life; and Northern men are every where hunted and driven from the South, if they are supposed to cherish the sentiment of freedom in their bosom. We are living under an awful despotism—that of a brutal slave oligarchy. They threaten to leave us, if we do not continue to do their evil work, as we have hitherto done it, and go down in the dust before them! Would to Heaven they would go! (Prolonged cheering.)

It would only be the paupers clearing out from the town, would it not? (Laughter and cheers.) But, no; they do not mean to go; they mean to cling to you; and they mean to subdue you! But will you be subdued? ['No!'] I tell you, our work is THE DISSOLUTION OF THIS SLAVERY-CURSED UNION, if we would have a fragment of our liberties left to us! (Applause.) Surely, between freemen who believe in exact justice and impartial liberty, and slaveholders who are for clearing down all human rights at a blow, it is not possible there should be any union whatever. How can two walk together, except they be agreed? The slaveholder, with his hands dripping in blood, will I make a compact with him? The man who planders cradles, will I say to him, 'Brother, let us walk together in unity?' The man who, to gratify his lust or his anger, scourges woman with the lash till the soil is red with her blood will I say to him, 'Give me your hand; let us form a glorious Union?' No, never—never! [Applause.] There can be no union between us. 'What concord hath Christ with Belial?' What union with Slavery? Let us tell the inexorable and remorseless tyrants of the South that their conditions, hitherto imposed upon us, whereby we are morally responsible for the existence of slavery are horribly inhuman and wicked, and we cannot carry them out for the sake of their evil company. By the dissolution of the Union, we shall give the finishing blow to the slave system; and then God will make it possible for us to form a true, vital, enduring, all-embracing Union, from the Atlantic to the Pacific—one God to be worshipped, one Savior to be revered, one policy to be carried out—freedom every where to all the people, without regard to complexion or race—and the blessing of God resting upon us all! [Loud applause.]

I want to see that glorious day! Now the South is full of tribulation, and terror, and despair, going down to irretrievable bankruptcy, and 'fearing each bush an officer.' Would to God it might all pass away like a hideous dream! And how easily it might be! What is it that God requires of the South, to remove every root of bitterness, to allay every fear, to fill her borders with prosperity? But one simple act of justice, without violence or convulsion, without danger or hazard. It is this:—Undo the heavy burdens, BREAK EVERY Yoke, and LET THE OPPRESSED GO FREE. Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thy darkness shall be as the noon-day. Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am. And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places; thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called, The repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in.

How simple and how glorious! It is the complete solution of all the difficulties in the case. O that the South may be wise before it is too late, and give heed to the word of the Lord! But, whether she will hear or forbear, let us renew our pledges to the cause of bleeding humanity, and spare no effort to make this truly the land of the free, and the refuge of the oppressed!

Onward, then, ye fearless band, Heart to heart, and hand to hand, Yours shall be the Christian's stand, Or the martyr's grave.

GOING TO THE SCAFFOLD.

On leaving the jail, John Brown had on his face an expression of calmness and serenity characteristic of the patriot who is about to die with a living consciousness that he is laying down his life for the good of his fellow-creatures. His face was even joyous, and a forgiving smile rested upon his lips. His was the lightest heart among friends or foes, in the whole of Charlestown that day, and not a word was spoken that was not an intuitive appreciation of his manly courage. Firmly and with elastic step he moved forward. No flinching of a coward's heart there. He stood in the midst of that organized mob, from whose despot heart petty tyranny seemed for the nonce eliminated by

the admiration they had in once beholding a man—for John Brown was there every inch a man.

As he stepped out of the door a black woman, with her little child in arms, stood near his way. The twin were of the despised race, for whose emancipation and elevation to the dignity of children of God, he was about to lay down his life.—His thoughts at moment none can know except as his acts interpret them. He stopped for a moment in his course, stooped over, and with the tenderness of one whose love is as broad as the brotherhood of man, kissed it affectionately. That mother will be proud of that mark of distinction for her offspring, and some day when, over the ashes of John Brown the temple of Virginia liberty is reared, she may join in the joyful song of praise which on that soil will do justice to his memory.

THE VOICE OF BLOOD.

On Friday, Dec. 16th, the day when most of our subscribers will read this, so many of the brave and noble liberators who accompanied John Brown, as Virginia still has in her power will be murdered by the laws and customs, the manners, morals and religion of that mean, cowardly and oppressive State; or, to sum up all in one word, they will be murdered by the Slave Power, after having been insulted with that mockery of justice, the form, without the substance, of a jury trial.

The epithets mean and cowardly, above applied to Virginia, do not refer to the panic terror which thrilled through her whole population, and called together her entire mass of soldiery (with their flint locked muskets), on the incursion of twenty-two men; not to the report of one of her citizens, who, having been brought into the arsenal where this force was assembled, returned and reported that he saw not less than two hundred white men and five hundred negroes; not to the shooting of a cow as an invader, by an agitated sentinel. It is true, as they say in reply, that a panic may happen in any community; though it is also true, as they take care not to say, that a community, whose policy is systematically directed to the maintenance of a perennial source of danger within its own bosom, is scarcely entitled to plead the general proposition above mentioned against the ridicule which is apt to befall a frightened boaster.

We call Virginia mean and cowardly because (like *Coupen-doux*, in the instructive story of *Vigne-Vinagre*) she is strong with the weak; because she is accustomed to "grind the face of the poor"; to bully the feeble and friendless; to strike, again and again, the man who is down; to berate habitually, with brutal and profane insolence, the unfortunate black, who, if he answers like a man, is knocked down and beaten until his "insolence" (it is subdued, and who, if he lifts his hand in self-defence (like a man, again), is killed on the spot, and this by provision of Virginian laws.

In our Northern cities, the business of a halloo is deemed infamous. Among that wretched crew one is occasionally found who has plunged from that depth of infamy to a lower deep, by selling her daughters, with their own consent, to a life of shame. But Virginian fathers are constantly selling their daughters, without their consent, to a life of yet deeper shame and misery, openly doing this as their legitimate and customary business, and boasting the while, of their "honor as gentlemen." Is there upon earth, a being more utterly mean and contemptible than those gentlemen (as they call themselves) of the "first families" of Virginia, who make their living, from year to year, by the sale of their own flesh and blood? Yes, there is one! The Northern clergyman who defends them!

Slaveholders—especially when they are frightened—are accustomed to bring before us vivid pictures of the horrors of a servile insurrection, terminating in the supremacy of a race hitherto held as slaves.

The natural answer to these representations—made by one who had been accustomed to hear the usual talk of Virginians about slavery and anti-slavery—would be—"Impossible! your slaves are not only well treated, and contented, and cared for in the manner most conducive to their present and future welfare, but they are happy in their present situation, and most deeply attached to their masters and mistresses, and moreover averse to the acceptance of freedom when it is offered them."

Alas! the whole aspect of Virginia, ever since that night when John Brown and his few associates entered the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, has been a picture to the murder of the veteran leader, was completed, and her determined military attitude, maintained, with most inconvenient and expensive rigidity, until the last of his few remaining followers shall have been strangled, have forever dissipated that pretence. It shines forth now, distinct and unmistakable as the writing on Belshazzar's wall, that the slaves are not contented, not happy, not attached (except by chains) to the estate upon which, and to the masters and overseers under whom they live. Perhaps the case of Deacon Netherland's aged slave in Tennessee (who died under moderate correction inflicted with a hand-saw) may have some parallels even in Virginia! At least, every one must now admit that the white Virginians would consider themselves seriously endangered by a servile insurrection.

Well, if our Southern brethren have been deliberately lying to us, all these past years, respecting the condition of their slaves—if these beneficiaries of the much vaunted patriarchal institution have not only not been happy at all, but have been so very ill treated that murder and rape are the requisites necessarily to be expected from their hands, as soon as those hands shake themselves free from their fetters—then, indeed, the matter demands our attention!

Murder, rape and arson! These are what we may naturally expect—so Mr. Everett told the Boston people the other day—these are what the white Virginians actually do expect, from slaves treated as *they have been*, as soon as those slaves can stand erect, and act like free men! The case is a most serious one!

Murder and rape are the very worst evils that can befall a community. But when that community consists of our own relatives and friends—"our Southern Brethren"—was not Mr. Everett right in volunteering to buckle on his kaspak, and shoulder his musket, and march to their aid whenever such a calamity should befall them? If he was right, if the strictest advocates of State rights would not only allow him to "interfere" with the course of things in Virginia to that extent but would heartily applaud him for it, see what follows!

The horrible contingency supposed is not a hypothesis, but a fact. Our Southern brethren, the black natives of Virginia, are not merely liable to, but have for three generations been suffering under, the frequent perpetration of rape and murder. A horde of savage and brutal men, having the disposition to commit these crimes, and the power to commit them with impunity, have been let